WAYSIDE MEMORIES

SONGS AND POEMS

BY

Edward P. O'Leary

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DEDICATION.

To her who was my pride in life,
My gentle, patient, loving wife,
Through the faithful years,—that long since then have flown.
I dedicate these simple lays,
In fond remembrance of the days
When we lingered in love's blissful bower alone.

EDWARD P. O'LEARY

WAYSIDE MEMORIES

✤ ✤

SONGS AND POEMS

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EDWARD P. O'LEARY

Including "THE TOT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY"

HYMNS AND DEVOTIONAL RHYMES.

Author of
"Fiddle and I" or "The Legend of The Violin,"
and other Poems.
Songs of Love,
Words and Music.
Enigmas in
Prose and Rhyme

✤ ✤

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by
EDWARD P. O'LEARY
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PREFACE.

Go thou my little book and speak
  O'er mountain, vale, and sea,
Repeat the stories o'er again
  That I have told to thee.

Where e'er the humble cottars dwell
  Or King, 'neath castled dome,
Go sing the songs I love so well
  In high or lowly home.

Go little book and if you live—
  Only for one brief day,
If to some one a smile you give,
  'Twill all my work repay.

Go words of mine, I care not where,
  If to some one you give
A word of Hope in timely need
  That they may better live.

Thy humble name may ne'er be found
  With those more versed in art,
Yet somewhere, one small song of thine
  May cheer, some lonely heart.

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And if perchance in after years,
  As time doth speed along,
If they forget the singer then
  They'll not forget the song.

L'Envoi

Book of mine, fulfill thy mission
  'Neath lowering clouds, or skies of blue,
Falter not, go forth and conquer,
  And fear no critic's false review.

INDEX

	PAGE
Dedication	3
Preface	5
To My Violin	11
To A Mocking Bird	12
Jim, A Boy's Story	14
California	17
Where the Roses Never Fade	19
To the Six O'Connor Sisters	21
To Ada	22
To A Sleeping Child	23
To Anna	24
Smiles	26
The Mocking Bird's Song	28
Sweetheart Mine	30
Baby Mine	31
My Name	32
Hope	34
When Thou Art Near	35
The Six O'Connor Sisters	37
Southern California in Winter	39
To Edna	41
To Mamie	43
To Esther	44
Home in California	45
The Heart's Garden	46
To Ernest	48
Now	50
To Nellie	52
The Word	54
Give to the Living	56
Patrick Murphy's Store	57
The Tale of a Cat	59
A Woman's Plaint	61

PAGE

Since She Was Called Away 63
Tears 64
Better Than Gold 66
When the Heart Grows Lone 68
To Nell in Heaven 70
Edward McBride 72
In Memoriam 73
Death 75
An Epitaph 76

SONGS

California 79
I Love But You 81
In Lullaby Land 83
A Song of Love 85
Laurena 86
I Long for Thee 88
Isle of Beauty 90
The Flower of Lismore 92
Mother's Lullaby 94
Musing 96
O Sing My Love 98
Marianna 100
Eileen Asthore 102
Where Kathleen Waits for Me 103
Dreamland Is Calling 105
Only a Baby's Shoe 107
Only a Withered Shamrock 109
Memories of Erin 111

THE TOT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

PAGE

Introduction 115
I Want To Go Back 116
Uncle Ben 118
Grandma's Girl 120
The Peddler Man 122
My Birthday 123
What Mamma Found 124
The Tale of a Whale 125
Aunt Maney 127
O'Donnell's Heir 128
Vera's Story 129
Teeny Weeny 130
The Tale of a Comet 132
The Mystic King 135

HYMNS AND DEVOTIONAL HYMNS

To Day 139
Christmas Day 140
Life Eternal 141
A Child's Prayer 142
A Morning Prayer 143
An Evening Prayer 144
My Solace 145
Hymn Love Divine 146
Give Praise to Him 147
O Blessed Name 149
Hymn to the Blessed Virgin 150
A Christmas Carol 151
A Prayer 152
My Prayer 153
Trust in Him 155
The Unspoken Prayer 157
O Lord We Plead to Thee 158

PAGE

O Sacred Heart (a prayer) 159
A Christmas Hymn 160
Love 161
Faith 162
Hymn to the Sacred Heart 163
Ave Maria 164
Our Lady, Queen of May 165
Hymn to the Blessed Virgin 166
Ave Maria 167
A Prayer to the Sacred Heart 168
A Passing Thought 169
Hope 170

TO MY VIOLIN.

Thou mystic thing of beauty, wealth and art,
What power of thought, and flight of years have gone
To fashion thee. What centuries have wrought
Thy resonant fibres! What fingers now in
Silent dust, did charm and sway the multitude
With thy melody. When touched by master
Hand, what tones divine come from thy hollow
Chamber. Sweet olden songs, and lingering
Memories of the vanished past thou canst
Unfold in soothing strains. As if from Heaven
Sent thou art, with angelic song,—the weary
Pilgrim here to cheer in hours of sorrow.
Treasure of greater wealth than that of Kings,
Come to me from thy strings,—my violin.

TO A MOCKING BIRD.

Beneath a palm tree's spreading shade
  Entwined with ivy round
One day I rested from my toil
  And from above a sound
Of charming notes entrancing clear,
  The sweetest ever heard
From feathered songster, filled the glade
  From that most joyous bird.

Who could utter or emulate
  The sounds I heard that day?
In all their sweet fantasia form
  No master hand could play.
E'en with the sweet toned violin
  'Twould be but imitation
Nor human voice that's e'er been heard
  Thro' out the whole creation.

Hail! thou fair King of feathered song
  Wherever thou dost fly
None other of the warbling tribe
  Beneath the heaven's blue sky,
Can cheer the heart as thou fair bird
  In accents sweet and clear,
Are loving thoughts, and words expressed
  To those,—who can but hear.

Thou singest when the morning star
Grows dim at rosy dawn
And still thy cheering trills are heard
When dewy eve comes on.
And when the evening vesper bell
Tolls forth the time of prayer,
And in the midnight silent hour,
Thy song floats through the air.

Thy sweet beguiling melodies
Are love songs all thine own.
Stirred by sweet human sympathy,
For feathered tribe alone.
Thou feelest every joy and smart,
That to bird land befall,
There is no song bird's note or trill,
That thou canst not recall.

Oh! what a joyous life is thine,
Wherever thou dost stray
While musing neath that tree I thought
Could we, both night and day
Sing with the same sweet blithsome heart
As thou dost from on high,
Free from all earthly sinful snares,
Sweet warbler of the sky.

JIM.

A Boy's Story

Only a dog, hungered and grim,
  This the hero of my lay.
Homeless, but no one sheltered him,
  As he strayed from day to day,
No scion of a Royal line
  Just one of mongrel breed,
Only a common dog,—that's all,
  With courage in time of need.

Only a dog, whose name is Jim
  Now he is my trusty friend.
No hoarded gold can purchase him
  While I journey to life's end,
"A friend in need is one indeed,"
  This once I found most true,
And now my story of a dog
  I hope will interest you.

I'll tell you how it came that Jim,
And I are "chums" today,
Crossing the street one day I fell
Right in the trolley way.
Swift came a car, around the curve
I could not move a limb,
So paralyzed I was with fear
When to the scene,—rushed Jim.

My mother could not hear my cries,
So far away was she,
Jim stood there with his flashing eyes,
Watching the car and me.
Nearer and nearer still it came
'Twas not ten feet away
Jim seized me by the clothes and pulled
And saved my life that day.

I'll ever recollect that time,
When I in childish glee,
Tried o'er the crossing for to climb
Some other lad to see.
Nor soon forget the noble act
While o'er the earth I roam,
Of that poor faithful, starving dog
Who did not have a home.

My fond companion now is he
While fleeting hours glide,
No fear have I for any foe
  When "Jim" is by my side.
Where dwells the person who should not
  Give praise where it is due,
Who owned a dog like dear old "Jim"
  And would not love him too.

CALIFORNIA.

The Land of Heart's Desire

In this fair land 'tis sweet to dwell
  Where fragrant blossoms cheer the way
And soothing tones from rippling streams
  Chant anthems, ever night and day.
The balmy breezes cool the brow
  And song birds trill their sweetest lay
Though I have roamed in many lands,
  Let me in this sleep my last day,
    The land of Heart's Desire.

'Tis well to dwell in this fair land,
  'Twill ever bless your days and cheer,
And talents that kind Heaven endowed
  Each one and all, may find them here.
Delightful scenes entrance the eye,
  And sounds that charm the listening ear
Will ever their sweet blessings lend
  Until the heart grows lone and sear
    In the Land of Heart's Desire.

In summer fields of golden grain
From mountains to the surging sea,
And citrus groves of emerald sheen,
Adorn the valleys fair to see.
Though Time's grim scythe is onward mowing,
Fair nature's scenes will ever last.
The luring bright and joyous present
Thrill hearts with glories of the past,
In the Land of Heart's Desire.

Here old familiar faces greet us,
Where e'er our wandering feet may stray.
As though in the eternal realm
We'd meet dear friends long passed away.
Earth's sun kissed, fairest, flowery spot,
None other can I love so well,
Where now I write these lines tonight
Let me through life, forever dwell
In the Land of Heart's Desire.

WHERE THE ROSES NEVER FADE.

Let's go back to California,
  Dear old sweetheart, you and I,
In my heart there is a longing
For the clear blue southern sky.
For the hoary, towering mountains,
  And the valleys green and fair,
For the winter blooming flowers,
  And the fragrance of the air.

To that land of green and golden,
  Far away from frost and snow,
Where the gentle sighing zephyrs,
  And the orange blossoms blow.
Where all nature smiles her fairest,
  And the song birds trill their lay,
There once more I long to ramble,
  And to dream life's hours away.

Down by the breakers let us stray
  'Neath the cloudless evening skies,
And behold the broad Pacific
  Where the golden sunset dies.
Or go strolling in the morning
  In the fragrant balmy air.
When there's gold, and purple gleaming,
  On the hillsides everywhere.

Let's go back where life's worth living
  Once again dear,—you and I;
Let us hasten to its beauties
  There to dwell, and there to die.
And when we're called away to rest
  Let us sleep beneath the shade,
Where the song birds sing their praises
  And the roses never fade.

TO THE SIX O'CONNOR SISTERS.

A Christmas Wish

That you may spend a happy day
  In peace, and love, and laughter,
And all your future be as gay,
I wish you all dear girls today
  And all your days hereafter.

May Heaven gracious gifts bestow,
  And angels ever hover
To cheer and guard you, night and day,
Ever will I sincerely pray
  'Till all my dreams are over.

Not because of friendly tokens
  You may receive today,
But for the sweet songs you have sung,
And all the good deeds you have done,
  To cheer some lone one's way.

These sincere lines that now you read
  Accept from me I pray,
And that Our Lord in Heaven above
Protect your lives with His dear love,
  Is my best wish today.

TO ADA.

14 Months Old

Oh little baby, precious guiless child,
The charming beauty of thy cherub face
Entrances me, for in thy radient smile
I see intelligence far beyond the
Years of thy sweet infant grace, and grieve to
Think the wintery breath of life must efface
Thy purity, fair flower of the spring.
Would that evil never taint thee, nor that
The world enthrall thy innocent mind, but
It is ordained, thou too must taste the cup
Of woe, and thy pure heart must learn to grieve
As others do, but fear not sweet loving
Child, whatever cares may meet thee,—ills befall
God, will lead thee safely through them all.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

On Its Mother's Breast

In blissful slumber rest sweet child
She who first on her darling smiled
Is watching with a mother's care
Youth's sorrows she will help thee bear.

Sleep babe upon thy mother's breast
She'll guard thee safely in thy rest,
Be ever gentle, pure and mild,
As thou art now, dear sinless child.

Cling fondly to her sweet embrace
Who first cast kisses on thy face,
Cling closely to thy mother dear
None other's love is so sincere.

Where e'er it is thy lot to stray
'Neath skies of blue, or clouds of gray
Where e're on earth the starlight gleams
May peaceful ever be thy dreams.

Dream on my charming baby friend
Sweet be thy dreams until life's end,
And dream at last in Love and Peace
Where life's discords must ever cease.

TO ANNA.

Birthday Greetings

Accept this humble verse I pray
Dear Anna this thy natal day
A token of the love I bear
Intense, unchanging, and sincere,
I bless the day that thou wert given
Thy mission here by gracious Heaven
And pray that He who gave will bless
That mission with supreme success.

The gifts to thee so lavish given
Are choicest of the boons of Heaven
May such long as thy life shall last
Adorn thy future as thy past
Thy infant smile, thy girlhood grace,
Thy charm of soul, and heart and face,
May they until life's circuit ends
Adorn thy form and charm thy friends.

If ever threatening storms arise
To cloud thy heart or dim thine eyes,
O Anna you may succor find
For all the ills of soul and mind.
For all the tortures that infest
And breed affliction and unrest.
I pray you seek and 'twill be given
All meed of comfort from high Heaven.

My sister's child, my darling niece
May Heaven's guidance never cease
To bless, protect, and cheer thy way
Through all thy life both night and day.
What more I'd wish I cannot tell
'Twould power of words and pen excell,
Be but yourself as in the past
And Heaven's light shall round thee last.

SMILES.

Smile as you journey day by day
And o'er life's pathway go,
For oft to some poor heart 'twill bring
A healing balsam for the sting
Of harsh word spoken,—cruel fling
Made by some one you know.

A smile of greeting sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
Will smooth the furrows deep with care
On face of someone, sweet and fair
And send a gleam of lovelight there,
When the years have flown away.

A pleasant smile will often cheer
A pilgrim on life's road,
When hope, looks lonely, dark, and drear,
And sorrows, only linger near,
If but a smiling face appear,
'Twill lighten then his load.

Then ever gently keep in mind
  In night or golden day.
It cheers some lonely heart to find
In smiles, the love of human kind,
And adds another link to bind
  True friendship on life's way.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

One night in grief I went to bed
  My heart was in despair,
The trials that beset life's way,
Severer seemed to be each day,
  And more than I could bear.

Sleep would not visit my tired eyes,
  Weary I tossed and turned,
As I lay on my downy bed,
Trying to rest my aching head
  While fever, flushed and burned.

Suddenly in the midnight gloom,
  I heard the sweetest strain
From walnut tree, outside my cot,
And then my troubles were forgot,
  And all that gave me pain.

The notes from some wild mocking bird,
  Came to my listening ear,
My sorrows vanished, I was free
As mortal ever here may be,
  And had no more to fear.

The songs from that sweet singer's throat
  Lulled me to slumbering rest,
No sweeter trills were ever heard,
Than came from that most joyous bird,
  As if by Heav'n 'twere blest.

And in the dawning of the morn,
  I asked with contrite heart,
Kind Heaven who sent that bird to cheer
My lonely wanderings moments here,
  Such blessings n'er depart.

SWEETHEART MINE.

She smiled at me, and my heart was filled with
Rapture. As I gazed upon her loving
Eyes of blue, soft as an azure summer
Sky. I clasped her by the slender waist and
Pressed her to my bosom where she rested
In confiding trust. How I loved her then
And love her now,—no words of mine can tell.
All who perchance have seen this charming one,
Admire her 'mong the sweetest they have known.
Fair as a blosom kissed by the diamond dew
And sweet as a blooming rose in Junetime,
Is she, this love of mine, and now will I
Confide her name,—which I have not yet told,
She is my little baby,—Ten Months Old.

BABY MINE.

Dear little brown eyed baby Nell
With your dimpled smile so sweet,
Ah would that I might ever dwell
Where your smiling face would greet.
Life would then far sweeter be
When at close of eve I'd see
Your loving arms around me twine
Dear little sweetheart baby mine.

Each day would be one long sweet song
When I could feel your presence near,
And love would then my life prolong
And fill my heart with hope and cheer.
The love that your sweet eyes express
And your dear loving fond caress,
Would keep me true as stars that shine
To you, dear sweetheart baby mine.

May angels guard you baby dear,
By silvan night and golden day,
And all your thoughts be off good cheer
Where e'er your wandering feet may stray,
May love within your heart e'er reign,
And want or woe ne'er cause you pain
And in life's end sweet songs divine
Bless you my sweetheart baby mine.

MY NAME.

I'm part of every thing that lives
And oft my presence, pleasure gives.
A part of all God's Holy plan
And known since the world began.
All living things where e'er they be
That dwell above, or 'neath the sea,
Share all the blessings that I claim
In this my most mysterious name.

The "Book of books" that cannot err
In it my name doth oft occur.
And in it, too, you'll find quite plain
A triple meaning for my name.
In Christian virtues I am found
And oft my praises they resound.
No song or story ever told
No part of which we now withhold.

When stars are shining clear and bright
You'll ever find me in the night
And where the towering steeples rise,
Beneath the blue or golden skies.
The charming evening rainbow's hue
Reflects my name oft times to you.
And in the waving forest tree
There am I, too.—You will agree.

The birds that fly o'er mountain peak
Might tell my name if they could speak
And rivers that flow to the sea
Are ever known as part of me.
Behold I'm gentle as a flower,
And great is my submissive power.
Scorn not these words in simple rhyme
But tell my name, and *now's the time.*

HOPE.

Though skies look dark and dreary,
And howling winds do wail,
Though all your friends desert you
And bitter foes assail.
Though your heart be sad with sorrow,
Brighter days will come to you,
Cling to ideals ever pure
And your dreams will yet come true.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

The hours pass and swiftly glide
When thou sweet one art by my side,
There are no moments lone or dreadr (drear)
While thou loved one my life can cheer,
And skies are bright and ever fair
While thy endearing smiles I share.

Each day I live, is one of cheer
When I can feel thy presence near,
Thy gladsome voice, my life to bless
And thy sweet loving, fond caress,
Ever 'tis then thou seem'st to be
Dearer than all on earth to me.

When worries round my pathway throng
I seek the glories of thy song,
To cheerful heart it takes me soon
Dispelling all life's care and gloom.
And then I long for thy embrace,
And loving kisses on my face.

And when at last, life's dream is o'er
And I must seek that Unknown Shore,
Where all on earth must soon or late,
Be called to know their final fate,
Ah! then I'll know that thy dear love
Will plead for me in Heaven above.

THE SIX O'CONNOR SISTERS.

With rosy cheeks and teeth of pearls
  Blue eyes of tender light
Entrancing are those charming girls
  And joyous to the sight.

As to some poets lonely bower
  A light beams from the skies
Or dew drops on some fragrant flower
  Are smiles, from their sweet eyes.

What hopes entrance each pulsing heart
  When day and night along
Such harmonies they can impart
  In tones of heavenly song.

In sylvan groves where nymphs abound
  None are more fair than they.
'Tis joy to hear their laugh resound
  Where e'er they sing or play.

What gladness lights each smiling face
  As footlights they advance
What pleasure to their native race
  To greet their smiles and glance.

Fond memories dear 'twill ever bring
  Where e'er a Celtic dwells
To hear O'Connor sisters sing
  "Killarneys lakes and fells."

And when that old melodious song
  Fair "Annie Laurie" true
Come from their lips, you ever long
  For that sweet song anew.

Bright visions o'er the spirit rolls
  When all the air along
Floats with the voice of virgin souls
  In sweet harmonious song.

Long may their talents ever tend
  To cheer us on life's way
And Heaven choicest blessings send
  Where ever they may stray.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN WINTER.

Here in the land of the fair South West
The sun shines bright o'er the mountains crest
And valleys green that are fair to see
From flow'r crown'd hills to the surging sea.

The dew drops sleep in the winter's bloom
Of tropic plants, and sweet flowers' perfume
The balmy air, and the brooklets flow,
While mountains near are agleam with snow.

The drowsy song of the busy bees,
Is wafted far through the citrus trees,
And humming birds seek blooming flowers
Through all the joyous sunlit hours.

Lone deserts once, now bloom in emerald sheen,
Enchanting as a sylvan fairy queen.
Hesperian fruits and bowers of soft repose
Flowering gardens, fragrant as the rose.

Where the old church bells ring out so sweet,
From the mission towers as if to greet
And offer each one a welcome hand,
Who come to this heav'n bless'd far famed land.

From summer storms of the fiery east,
From frigid winters we are released,
And offer thanks for the charm possessed
Where nature smiles, and each one is blest
In this fair, Southern, Land of the West.

TO EDNA

AGE THIRTEEN YEARS

Edna accept from me I pray
On this thy joyous natal day
My modest effort to rehearse
In humble unpretentious verse,
These sincere wishes that I send
To thee my charming youthful friend.

Another year in the flight of time
Of your life of love, and bright sunshine
Another year has bless'd thy life
Free from all sorrow, care and strife.
May all life's years as peaceful be
As now, dear child, they are to thee.

May each succeeding birthday bless
And crown thy efforts with success,
And ever may thy birthdays find
As now so loving, sweet, and kind.
Dear little girl as now thou art
And may they ne'er from thee depart.

What more I'd wish 'tis hard to say
Anent thy life's most happy day.
But this I'll add,—true virtues last
When all thy earthly joys are past.
And when at length life's dream is o'er
May cheer thee on some brighter shore.

TO MAMIE.

Fair as a lily kissed by the morning dew
To me thou wert my own love, fond and true,
And joyous then the hours my life had known
But now I sigh, and long for thee alone
Since Heaven hath called my dear one,—for its own.

* * * * * * *

A rose bud though withered and faded its bloom
Still breathes all its sweetness in fragrant perfume.
'Round my heart then will hover in sorrow or glee
'Till my last dream is over,—sweet memories of thee.

TO ESTHER.

AGE NINE YEARS

Little Esther thou art charming
As the rose thou sent to me
On that morning in the June time
And I'll ever think of thee.

May thy future life be happy
Free from care, and sorrows frown
And the joys of earth be with thee
And at last a Heavenly crown.

Accept this best wish now I send
To thee my little brown eyed friend.

HOME IN CALIFORNIA.

Back from winter of ice and snow
Home in the land where all things grow
Away from the northern blizzards blast
Here where the genial summers last,
Where blossoms tinge the verdant hue
From spring to spring the whole year through
And song birds sing both night and day
In gladsome praise from May 'till May.

Back to the clime I love so well
What joy to me words fail to tell
Away from my old northern home
Where in my youth I loved to roam
And though it pained my sorrowing heart
From native land and friends to part,
Now in this fair and southern clime
Content I am to dwell,—life's time.

* * * * * * *

Let others sigh for lands that be
California is the land for me.

THE HEART'S GARDEN.

In the garden of your heart
  Plant today a tiny seed
'Twill ever flourish bloom and grow
What e'er the kind of seed you sow
  In the garden of your heart,
  In the garden, of your heart.

What you sow that shall you reap
  It may be peace, or discontent,
If you aspire to noble deeds
Plant not the seed that bring forth weeds,
  What you sow that shall you reap
  What you sow, that shall you reap.

If you sow the seed of hate
  Expect to reap with bitter tears,
Who hate but one, he hateth all
The seed once sown is past recall,
  If you sow the seed of hate
  If you sow, the seed of hate.

If the seed of love you sow
  Ever you'll garner from the soil,
Sweet blossoms, that will crown each day
And life will be one joyous May,
  If the seed of love you sow
  If the seed of love, you sow.

TO ERNEST.

AGE THREE AND ONE-HALF YEARS

"Little Buster,"—I must call you
For you well deserve the name
If you keep on as you're doing
Some day you will win great fame.

No one e'er could feel despondent
There can be no fits of "blue"
Where you dwell there's "something doing"
Morning, noon, and evening, too.

Who could follow your tiny feet
In their roaming daily play
Running here and climbing there
Doing something all the day.

Scaling ladders to the roof,
Swaying on the branches green,
Eating peaches e'er they ripen
Choking kittens, 'till they scream.

Racing with your little wagon
Calling sisters to play ball,
Little hero when you tumble,
Never hear you cry at all.

Making pictures with a pencil
On the side walk or the floor
Battling like a little "Nelson"
Calling me from kitchen door.

Plucking roses from the tree
Then swinging on the garden gate.
Happy as a King might be
You'll make things "hum" when you are eight.

Dear little brown eyed happy boy
With curling hair of golden hue.
Your fond mother's hope and joy
There is no one,—but must love you.

Ever smiling, bright and happy
If every one could so appear
What a joyous world to live in
'Twould be akin to heaven here.

NOW.

Tomorrow, no one yet hath ever seen
Its sun will never shine upon thy brow.
Heaven doth to us but present time allow
Let thy best deeds be done today, and now
Let now be the time.

Thou who are bless'd with abundant store
Make some poor one more happy, free his care.
Some one who's sorrow'd life is hard to bear
Help to relieve his suffering and despair,
Now, now, is the time.

Some one there may be that thou lovest well,
Help him through all his weary, toiling days.
If troubles come, be ever true always
And cheer his life with acts that need no praise
Let now be the time.

Some friend thou may'st have had and held most dear
But called beyond the reach of thy intent.
And never knew that thou so kindly meant
To fill his life with bliss, and sweet content.
When thou had'st the time.

Let now be the time, thou should'st no longer wait
To give sweet loving smiles, and words of cheer
To those whose souls to thee are ever dear.
They ne'er may meet thee, in the coming year
Ah! now is the time.

And when earth's light is fading from thy sight
And time hath set its seal upon thy brow
Consoling then will be the thought when thou
Canst humbly say "Life's deeds I offer now"
To Thee, my Lord to Thee."

TO NELLIE.

AGE FIVE YEARS

Nellie, my dear sweet brown eyed girl
With golden hair and teeth of pearl
And smiling cheeks and lips as fair
As blooming roses in June air,
To thee I sing this little lay
On this thy joyous fifth Birthday.

Sweet loved one, fair as ever born
I've known thee since thy natal morn
Beholding thee in infant play
And brighter growing every day,
Until thy tiny, toddling feet
In playful mirth, thou would'st me greet.

Recalling years that long had flown
When she, my brown eyed one, mine own
Would meet me in the same fond way
That I with her might romp, and play,
And gaily dance her, on my knee,
As oft dear child I did with thee.

Singing an old time sweet refrain
Now lingers round my lips again
When e'er thy smiling face I see
And gave to thee such ecstacy,
As oft I placed my hands in thine
Dear little brown eyed, sweteheart mine.

That song I sung at early morn
Shall thy sweet smile for e'er adorn
That simple air that cheer'd thy heart,
And sorrow gave thee when we'd part
That same sweet lullaby shall ring
Through future ages yet to sing.

Times onward march shall ever go
And over life's waves my bark shall flow
And journey to its destined end,—
But ne'er my little charming friend
Can I forget those happy days
Or thy endearing loving ways.

Sweet child, with dimpled smile divine
May skies of blue be ever thine,
Where e'er thy gentle feet may stray
Treading through life's uncertain way,
And heaven choicest blessings send
To thee, my little brown eyed friend.

THE WORD.

We sing to all where e'er they dwell
  In praise one small word.
The greatest any pen can write
  Or ear hath ever heard.
One little word, one only one
You'll say 'tis true e'er I gave gone.
  Pray think of this where e'er you stray
  Over life's broad and cheerful way
    And ne'er forget the word.

The angels high oft' sing its praise
  In heaven where they belong,
The only theme 'tis said that they
  Deem worthy of their song.
For kindly thoughts and kindly deeds
In heaven are treasured more than creeds,
  By this alone can we them see
  After we've crossed life's mystic sea—
    This one sweet simple word.

No dweller of this mundane sphere
  Will need a better creed,
To cheer him o'er life's changeful way
  Than do some kindly deed.

If it is done in Christian heart
Sweet love divine will never part,
  For He can guide with gracious hand
  Each one and all to Heaven's land
Then trust for e'er in His dear name
If life Eternal you would gain.
  For God is Love, and *Love's the Word.*

GIVE TO THE LIVING.

Keep your flowers, do not send them,
When from earth I've passed away,
But oh, give me love and friendship
As I journey down life's way.

Offer help to those in sorrow,
And leave cruel words unsaid,
To the living give your flowers
No one needs them when they're dead.

An ever generous helping hand
Can some suffering creature bless,
'Tis better than a hundreds wreaths
Of flowers in his distress.

Seek not the grave for vain display,
Sow the seeds of kindness now,
Be faithful to some one in need,
And Heaven will crown your brow.

PATRICK MURPHY'S STORE.

Fain would we seek the Muse's power,
That we might sing each gladsome hour
Of high class goods we have on hand
For all who dwell in this fair land.
Your honest custom now we crave,
All readers who would money save
And your attention give we pray,
To this our unprètentious lay.

Our business is the Grocery trade,
We have the goods already made
We're working at it all the time,
('Tis easier far than writing rhyme,)
And sell at profits very small,
To needy poor, the rich, and all,
Who need the food that life demands,
To give them strength for toiling hands.

To keep the best that people eat
We pride ourselves, all else to beat,
The choicest viands for the table
For rich, and poor, alike we're able,
To furnish at the lowest price,
Likewise the goods are kept on ice,
From dairy butter to sweetest cream,
None better in this land is seen.

Smoked bacon, syrup, cheese, and lard,
And dry goods sundries, by the yard,
Hesperian fruits, of every brand,
No better grown in this land.
Breakfast foods, of which we've many,
Canned goods, and choicest brands of honey,
Confections for the young and old,
No sweeter yet have e'er been sold.

Tea's of the best, we've blended here,
And customers from far and near,
The water boil, heat well the pot,
And better tea can not be bought,
Coffee, too, of finest flavor,—
Do yourself a lasting favor
Buy but the best, and buy it here
'Twill give you health throughout the year.

There's nothing in the Grocery line
We can't supply at any time,
Likewse good tinware, pails, and pans,
Your gasoline and coal oil cans,
We fill with overflowing measure,
You'll call again in haste or leisure,
And bless the day for ever more,
You heard of Patrick Murphy's Store.

* * * * * *

And owner who will treat you well
While here through life near him you dwell.

THE TALE OF A CAT.

On a backyard fence, an old Tom cat
  Sat perched away up high,
Remarking to a feline friend
  My! how the time doth fly.

It seems but just a week or two
  Since both we last were here,
How I remember that time well
  Though since has passed a year.

It seems no more than yesterday
  Since that time now I ween
We sang in midnight revelry
  Beneath the stars bright sheen.

Ah yes! I well remember now,
  Though many months since then,
A man threw up his window and,
  Threw from his little den,

Two empty bottles, and a shoe,
  An old brass watch and chain,
The last named hit me on the ribs
  And often caused me pain.

From various other windows came
  In vile and slangy prose
Words that I cannot mention now,
  But still, Time Onward Goes.

Then let us make some noise tonight
  And raise our voices clear,
It is the way our friends delight
  To welcome the New Year.

A WOMAN'S PLAINT.

In large lettered type "Absolutely Free"
Are "ads in the papers now daily we see,
Of valuable prizes in silver and gold
Goods for the household given free we are told,
A stickpin, a broach, a watch or a ring
Gold cuff links, a clock, or some other thing
A large box of candy, some fine chewing gum,
A bracelet, or chain or jewelry "slum."
The silver of Rogers some say its the best
In Mahogany case, 26 pieces rest
A little of Credit for one fifty or more
On pianos can be bought for that by the score
And piano free till the New Years time
Is a well baited hook in this genial clime.
To catch some "tender feet" just from the east
As a cow boy would "lasso" a wild herding beast.
All this and much more absolutely FREE
To outline a picture my child of but three.
Years of age did trace, looked at me with surprise
Saying, Mama, Mama, I won the first prize,
Then quickly I hastened down town to Broadway
Hoping a piano to own the next day.
But alas, for the hope of the young and the old
'Tis the same old story hath ever been told
I looked at pianos from top floor to ground

And closely inspecting, I very soon found
That Coupon was worthless, I thought such a prize
And contempt for such methods I could not disguise,
And gave my opinion in language quite plain
But it taught me a lesson I cannot restrain,
Imparting to others, "Beware oh, Beware!"
Of 'ads' headed 'Free'; they may glitter and glare
But are not but a blank and contemptible snare."

MORAL

The moral of this should be plain to each mind
By simply reflecting a moment you find
Change R to an A and K to first E
Transposed then it is and reads not as FREE
But gives the true meaning all readers should take
Avoiding such Houses, that are but a FAKE.

SINCE SHE WAS CALLED AWAY.

The evening shadows longer stay
Since that long, lonely winter's day,
  Song birds sing in a minor strain
  And sweet songs have a sad refrain
Since she was called away.

Hush'd is the gehtle, loving voice
That oft hath made my heart rejoice.
  Cheerless the place her presence blessed
  Untouched the keys her fingers pressed
Since she was called away.

Each day is lonely, long and drear
But in my heart I cherish dear
  The hope, that after life's long years,
  She'll greet me where there are no fears,
  And eyes are never dimmed with tears
Where she was called away.

TEARS.

Deem not that tears are shed in vain
Or that they come to grieve and pain
They are sweet balm from Heaven above
Divinely sent as gifts of love.

From infant dawn to ages eve
They flow to soothe us and relieve
Unbid they visit in disguise
Physicians sent us from the skies.

Think not they prove intenser smart
To wounds upon the bleeding heart,
They bathe and heal the torn breast
And soothe us to restoring rest.

The eye that's powerless to effuse
The trickling tear will ever lose
The service that kind Heaven designed
For aching soul and torturing mind.

Ungrateful he who fails to prize
These priceless tributes from the skies,
They scald and burn, but in their smart
Is our divine Physician's art.

Forbid them not good angels bring
This healing balsam for each sting
But feel and know that tears are given
In mercy by the hand of Heaven.

There are no sources of distress
For which they'll not afford redress
The fountain of the tearfilled eye
Unfailing remedies supply.

Mary sought solace in the tear
She shed upon the Saviour's bier
And Jesus wept. He knew how best
To care and soothe the suffering breast.

Let the tear flow to fall upon
The grass of parent, or of Son,
Let the tear flow and wet her bier
Of all on earth most loved most dear.

Let the tear flow for friendship gone
To never, never more return,
Let the tear flow when anguish sears
Or keen remorse the bosom tears.

Let the tears flow God gave us tears
To heal our pangs and calm our fears,
The briny tide may smart, but Oh!
Forbid them not to gush and flow.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Be kind to your mother, she's better than gold
This maxim is true, as when first it was told.
For when she is gone, earth's wealth cannot buy
One sparkle of love, that beamed from her eye.

The love that God gave, will never depart,
Such is the love of your own mother's heart.
Pure as the dew drop that falls from above
To kiss the sweet rose at eve with its love.

The love of a mother, these words, O what bliss,
To memory recall days of sweet happiness.
Fair, gentle and pure as the young brooding dove
Holy as Heaven is a mother's fond love.

The love that is Holy from prayers and tears
That cheer our souls onward through life's weary years.
Ah! who can forget her, who hushed us to rest
By her sweet whispered prayer, that so often have blessed.

She'll miss her fond mother, that image shall still
Be to her as faithful through deaths lonely chill.
As when in youth's springtime, with truth undefiled
She kissed and carressed her, her idol,—her child.

He'll miss his dear mother when young hope hath fled
And sigh for the years, when she pillowed his head,
On her love pulsing bosom with heart as sincere
And love e'er unwavering while her life lingered here.

We long in our youth for years that will come
And repent in old age for the deeds we have done,
Whether spring time or winter of life's with us yet,
Our fond mother's love, we can never forget.

WHEN THE HEART GROWS LONE.

When songs that cheer'd us in youth's golden hour
No more we hear along life's varied way,
And dreams we cherished when love's first sweet flower
Bloomed but to fade, in one fair summer day.
Then the heart grows lone and we ever long
For the ones we love, who from earth have gone.

When hopes we once prized dear are blighted now
And eyes we love have vanished from our view,
When ties that bind each loving heart sincere,
Are severed from the ones, who love them true.
Then the heart grows lone, and we ever long
For the ones we love who from earth have gone.

When loving smiles that memory oft' can trace
Our first glad meeting to some long flown day
When lips we kissed in love's fond sweet embrace
And hands we clasped, are now but silent clay.
Then the heart grows lone, and we ever long,
For the ones we love, who from earth have gone.

No soul is ever lost who once hath lived
And in some distant realm again we'll hear
The cherished voices of departed ones
Then all the past to us will be made clear.
Where heart's can ne'er grow lone, and Love's Sweet Song
Eternally, will all our lives prolong.

TO NELL IN HEAVEN.

The past has vanished far away,
  Dead are the years behind,
And faded as the ashes gray
  Are youthful hopes that twined.
With rosy semblance round each brow
Oh perished hopes where are ye now?

Fond memories of the joyous past
  Leave nothing but the shade,
And golden dreams I thought would last
  Blossom'd but soon to fade,
And makes my heart to sigh and moan
For thy sweet spirit, which hath flown.

The castles that I once built high
  Ah! fair they seemed to me,
Their towers pierced the starry sky
  But now no more I see.
For on one lonely summer day
The tears I shed, washed them away.

The golden hours of youthful play
When thou wert by my side,
Have drifted with times tide away
And Fate our paths divide.
But ne'er forgotten are those days
Or thy sweet tender loving ways.

In pleasant thoughts thou still art nigh
And living yet to me,
As in the happy days gone by
Thy smiling face I see.
When thy fond footsteps lingered near
And thy sweet voice my life did cheer.

O loved one, when Life's closing day
That comes to each and all,
Has faded with the gold away
And evening shadows fall,
Around my last declining breath
And I am conquered,—by King Death,
Where mundane ills can ne'er befall
Through Love Divine,—may I there meet
Thy spirit pure in bliss to greet.

EDWARD McBRIDE.

In Memoriam

Spirit of our beloved, where hast thou fled,
In youthful vigor and hale manly power?
Called from thy loved ones,—in a moment's breath,
Tears relieve, but Hope heals the wounds of grief.
Creatures of God we are, His will is for
Our weal, in some brighter sphere thou livest,
Though hidden from us, thy familiar form
The shadows will but hide a little space,
When we shall see thy smiling face again.
And oft' in future years wilt thou greet us
In pleasant dreams, when we in slumber rest,
Though all must die, eternally we live,
And through the mercy of His loving grace,
Again we'll meet thee in sweet love's embrace.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the soft eve summer's gloaming
When the flickering starlight gleams
Where the broad Atlantic's moaning
Fills my soul with yearning dreams.
Then my thoughts turn sadly homeward
O'er the ocean waves and gloom
Where now at rest my mother sleeps
In the cold and silent tomb.

Now hush'd is the voice that long hath cheer'd
My life in its wandering way,
And folded the gentle loving hands
That are now but as silent clay.
And eyes that made my heart rejoice,
From my childhoods early morn
Are closed for ever now to rest
With her dear and saintly form.

Now lonely it is where long she dwelt,
But the room of her last sad woe,
Is hallowed there with prayers of love
Breathed in years of the long ago,
And the birds fed by her gentle hands
In the summer's early day
Have vanished now and sing no more
Since she has been called away.

Trusting in Him, through all the years
Of a long and faithful life,
Patiently waiting the last great call
That would free her soul from strife,
Living in faith 'till her last faint breath,
Faded with life's setting sun
Braving the fight with Christian zeal,
'Till her heavenly goal was won.

Forgive my grief O Lord I ask?
For a love that was sincere,
That mother, whom I ne'er shall see
'Till my eyes grow dim and sere.
Forgive my sin if such it be
To mourn a loss for ever new
For her whose place can ne'er be filled
'Till silent grows my heart, then too.

To My Sister

This garland of verse now I send you
In memory of my dear mother's grave,
Entwined with sweet shamrocks and roses,
From her birth land far over the wave.
And I wish 'twere more I could offer
To a love that was so dear to me,
And when God, in His mercy, shall call me
May her sweet loving face then I see.

DEATH.

Ah! ghastly, cowardly, dreadful monarch Death,
With stealthy tread, thou seekest every realm,
Thy icy breath our throbbing hearts to grieve.
Thou sullen pilot of life's dangerous tide
In sweet innocence we meet thy treachery.
Who givest orders to put down the helm
Where flowing eddies hide the sunken rock.
Thou fell destroyer of all living things,
A traitor worse than name implies thou art,
Ah! yes and like some eager, hungry shark
Seeking shipwreck, hoping to devour
Some drowning wretch, struggling awhile to float
While loved ones striving vainly for to save,
Thy boney fingers clutch,—thy victim's throat.

AN EPITAPH.

The Children loved him, it was said,
While he lay on his dying bed
  And when he slept serene and still
  Subservient to his Father's will,
They brought sweet flowers rich and rare
And wished his blessings they might share.

SONGS

CALIFORNIA.

The Land I Love

Once again I long to ramble
  Over valleys fair to see,
Where I spent my loves young dreaming,
  Happy were those days to me.
'Till the roving spirit lured me,
  Over foreign lands to roam,
Seeking lusive, golden, treasure
  Far from my dear native home.

Refrain

Where song birds sing their carols
  In the hush of winter's morn,
And golden poppy blossoms,
  The green valleys there adorn.
Amid sweet blooming flowers,
  Whose fragrance fills the air,
And life is one long sunshine,
  That every one may share.

Weary years I've spent in roaming,
From Alaska's golden strand,
To the East and South Sea Islands,
But there's only one home land.
For the gloomy leafless woodlands
All my love has ever flown,
There's no charm in tropic sunshine,
Give me back my native home.

REFRAIN.

In my heart I feel a longing,
There once more again to dwell,
There's none other in this wide world,
That I'll ever love so well.
Heimweh achings long have grieved me,
And I'll journey home once more,
To the land of Heart's Desire,
Fair California's Southern Shore.

REFRAIN.

Heimweh in German:
"Homeway" or "Home Longing."

I LOVE BUT YOU.

(SERENADE)

The wind is whispering soft and low
From mountain to the sea,
Once more I come to sing my love,
A song that's dear to me.
Sweet flowers are blooming in the dell
That tell us spring is near
O wake, my love, and list again
While I sing to you my dear.

REFRAIN.

Bright are the twinkling stars at night,
And fair to the eye to see,
But fairer than all the stars that shine
Is the light of your eyes to me.
Know now that I love you dearly,
Trust in my love sincerely,
Believe in my promise true.
'Till my last long breath is fleeting
Yet still will I love but you,
I will love,—Love only you.

The moon is shining bright and clear,
  Far o'er the valleys green
The brooks are rippling on their way,
  Beneath its silver sheen.
In the shadow I am waiting,
  While stars shine bright above,
Open wide your window, dearest
  And hear my song of love.

REFRAIN.

IN LULLABY LAND.

SLUMBER SONG No. 1.

Come to your mother's arms and rest,
Pillow your head upon my breast,
After the hours of joyous play
Rest dear, until another day.
Your drowsy eyes, and pensive brow,
Tell me my babe should slumber now.

REFRAIN.

Hush! while I sing this lullaby,
  One that can ne'er grow old,
'Twill take my babe to dreamland where
  The streets are shining gold.
A balm for little weary feet
  When tired out from play,
A song you'll sing in after years,
  When I am far away.

Rest now, my little baby rest,
Serene upon your mother's breast,
The evening shadows slowly creep
'Tis time for little babes to sleep.
Confide your troubles now in me
While mother's arms encirele thee.

REFRAIN.

Dream on, my little baby dream,
Gather sweet roses by the stream,
Roam with your playmate hand in hand
Over the hills in slumberland.
And when the morning sunlight gleams
Perchance you may tell me your dreams.

REFRAIN

A SONG OF LOVE.

Sing me a song of love, my dear,
  Tenderly, sweet and low,
A song of the joy of living
  As down life's tide we flow.
Sing of the pleasure of being
  One of God's creatures here,
A song of Love that the angels
  In Heaven, might list to hear.

Sing me a song of love, my dear,
  That lulls to peaceful rest,
'Twill take me back to childhood hours,
  A babe on mother's breast.
Sing with gentle, tender feeling,
  In accents sweet and low,
For such a song oft dried my tears,
  In days of long ago.

Sing me a song of love, my dear,
  The roses fragrant breath
May waft its strains in triumph
  Over the shades of death.
Afar to realms unknown,
  Beyond the vales of woe,
Over the River of Silence,
  Where sometime we must go.

LAURENA.

The skies, they were purple and golden
  Crowned with tints of the rainbow's soft hue,
In the joyous month of October
  When I first saw her eyes, sparkling blue.
Then bright were the hours of my dreaming,
  And my heart felt sweet rapture unknown,
When she, whom I lov'd most sincerely
  Made a promise that she'd be mine own.

REFRAIN.

Trust in my promise, Laurena,
  My love for you shall be true,
True as the stars that shine above
  In the heavens vault of blue.
'Till the sun shall loose its splendor,
  And the moons last beam has flown,
'Till the lights of my life is fading,
  Shall I love but you alone
  Shall I love, but you alone.

When the springtime came with its flowers
And the birds built their nest in the trees,
And cheer'd away love's happy hours
With sweet songs in the zephyr breeze.
And all Nature bloomed forth in her charms,
And sweet fragrance filled all the soft air.
Then life seem'd a garden of roses,
When Laurena, my loved one, was there.

REFRAIN

My life has been blessed with a treasure,
Greater far than earth's millions of gold,
For she, whom I won in love's May time,
Loves me still, though we both have grown old.
And when we are call'd by the Father,
To our last resting place, then I pray
That Heaven shall find us both faithful,
My Laurena and I, on that day.

REFRAIN

I LONG FOR THEE.

When the lark's glad song is ringing
O'er the meadows green and fair,
And the orioles are singing,
Their sweet love songs through the air.
When the swallows by the river,
And the robins in the tree,
Lull their nestlings in the Junetime
With their sweetest minstrelsy.
O, then, my love, I long for thee,
I long for thee, I long for thee.

When the balmy southern showers
Searches every shady nook,
Sending perfume from the flowers,
By the wayside and the brook.
When the orchard trees are laden
With sweet golden fruit to share,
And all nature smiles her fairest,
Through the harvest scented air.
O, then, my love, I long for thee,
I long for thee, I long for thee.

When the withered leaves are falling,
  And the autumn has grown sear,
When the snow flakes first are calling,
  And the winter days draw near.
Then my heart is sorrow laden
  As I wander here alone,
Since thou wert called away from me
  My dear loved one,—my own.
O, then, my love, I long for thee,
  I long for thee, I long for thee.

ISLE OF BEAUTY.

Green Isle of Beauty to thee now I sing,
Over the waves let the melody ring,
I yearn for joyous days spent on thy shore,
Years of my youth I shall see nevermore.
When I mused by the ocean's surging tide,
O'er thy hero'd sons who for liberty died.
Dark clouds may hover, and sunshine may flee,
Still will I love thee, Bright Gem of the Sea.

REFRAIN.

Where waves the flag of green and gold
Her sons have died for,—young and old.
Emblem of Erin's pride and boast,
The flag her children love the most,
Her foes may tramp it in the dust,
Yet still we hope, and in God we trust.
'Twill wave as proudly as before,
The Saxons conquered her green shore.

Green are thy mountains, and bright is thy shore,
Clear are thy song birds' sweet trill, as of yore,
Fair are thy maidens with love ever true,
And pure as the pearls of heaven's soft dew.
Ah! never can I such glad scenes forget,
Or friends dearly lov'd in youth I have met.
Fond memory may fade and life may soon flee,
Still will I love thee, Bright Gem of the Sea.

REFRAIN

Green Isle of Beauty, far, far o'er the sea,
How oft' do my thoughts now wander to thee.
Dear to my heart are the paths I have trod,
O'er thy green valleys of shamrock crown'd sod.
Fairer than ever seems thy distant shore,
Lonely I'm waiting to see it once more.
Hoping, still hoping, where e'er I may roam,
Still to return to my dear Island home.

REFRAIN

THE FLOWER OF LISMORE.

There is one for whom I'm longing far o'er the sea,
In sunshine and shadow her sweet face I see.
Since last 'neath the ivy crowned old cottage door,
I bid her farewell, and to Erin's green shore,
'Mid my labors of day and dreams of the night
Her bright eyes I see, bringing hope and delight.
I'm yearning to see her, my loved one of yore,
The pride of my life, sweet flower of Lismore.

REFRAIN.

To Erin's green Isle o'er the ocean afar,
Now soon I'll be sailing to meet my life's star.
Shee'll greet me I know with love tender and true
And cheer me as old with her sweet eyes of blue.
Youth's myrtle time hours shall return to us then,
And never, till death, shall we part e'er again.
Fair pride of my life, sweet Norena asthore,
For ever I'll love her, my flower of Lismore.

Fair spring with its blossoms is smiling once more,
While here I am sighing, far, far from Lismore.
The flowers are blooming, and mocking bird trills
Are heard over valleys, the tree crests, and hills.
Sweet roses of summer may bloom and decay,
And youth's transient glory in time pass away,
Hope may flee from me, and I ne'er see her more,
Yet still will I love her, Sweet Flower of Lismore.

REFRAIN

MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Oft in the hush of the evening hour
When the silent shadows creep,
I think of the songs she sweetly sang
As she lull'd her boy to sleep.
A little lad with a tousled head
That she loved so well I know,
In the old brown house upon the hill
Where we dwelt so long ago.

REFRAIN.

Those childhood hours I'll ne'er forget,
Or the songs she sang to me.
In tender happy years long past
When she held me on her knee.
They linger in my memory yet,
Those sweet strains at eventide,
And ever 'till I'm called to rest,
In my heart shall they abide.

O sweet were the lullabys she sang,
The mother I loved so dear,
Where ever my wandering feet may stray
They will whisper words of cheer.
Where ever my humble lot be cast
In moments of joy or pain,
For ever here while life may last
Shall I hear their sweet refrain.

REFRAIN

MUSING.

In the evening, when the twilgiht
  Of the summer day is past,
And the moon in sober splendor
  O'er the earth her rays have cast.
Then I sit in silent longing,
  Musing over times when she
In the eve of love's young dreaming,
  Sat by the ceaseless moaning sea
  And watched the twinkling stars with me.

REFRAIN

Dreaming, dreaming, the sweet sad hours away,
Watching, watching, the rippling breakers spray,
Hoping, hoping, beyond the stars to see
Visions of bliss for her and me.
  Ever for her and me,
  Every for her and me.

Sadly the evening shadows fall
Where once all was bright and gay,
Lonely now sounds the night bird's song
As it sings at the close of day.
And sad is my heart with yearning,
For I linger alone where she
In the eve of love's young dreaming,
Sat by the ceaseless, moaning sea
And watched the twinkling stars with me,

REFRAIN

Only in dreams now come to me
The sound of her loving voice,
And sparkling eyes of heavens blue
That oft made my heart rejoice.
As I wait in vain her coming,
But, ah! nevermore will she
In the summer's evening gloaming,
Sit by the ceaseless, moaning sea
And watch the twinkling stars with me.

REFRAIN

O SING MY LOVE.

The golden sun has gone to rest,
  The evening shades appear;
The moon is rising in the west
  And stars are shining clear.
The night was made for song, my dear,
  'Twill make my heart rejoice
As in the days of long ago,
  When first I heard your voice,

REFRAIN

To hear you sing again, my love
  While the evening shadows play,
The songs endearing to my heart
  As we linger on life's way.
When my hours of toil are over
  Where I can rest care free,
O then I long to hear you sing,
  The dear old songs to me.

They take me wandering far away
  Beneath fair skies of blue,
To the quaint old village school house
  Where first dear I saw you.
To the church across the river
  Where you became my bride,
To happy hours I spent, my dear
  When you were by my side.

REFRAIN

Then sing to me again, my love, etc.

MARIANNA.

When twilight shades bedim the evening light,
And peeping shine the silver stars at night,
  Then I linger all alone,
  'Neath our dear old vine-clad home,
With many a longing thought my love for thee,
Marianna, whom I never more may see,
Marianna, more than all the world to me—
  More than all the world to me.

REFRAIN

I dream of thee, my Marianna,
  Light of my life thou wert to me,
My only love, my Marianna,
  Ah, would that I again may see,
Wilt thou meet me, Marianna
  When my spirit shall be free?
Wilt thou greet me, Marianna
  When I cross life's mystic sea?
  When I cross life's mystic sea?

The moon is shining o'er the murmuring sea
In sorrow I am longing now for thee.
As I gaze upon the skies,
Ever dreaming of thine eyes
That were more than all the stars of heav'n to me.
Marianna, how I long, I long for thee
Marianna, more than all the world to me,
More than all the world to me.

REFRAIN

EILEEN ASTHORE.

Eileen my loved one of thee I am dreaming
Though far from the land where we first met Asthore,
Thy sweet face I see and bright smile still beaming,
As first when I saw thee on Erin's green shore.
In all my roaming thy blue eyes are with me,
'Mid pleasure of day, or dreams of the night
Sparkling with true love and sincere devotion,
Bringing joy to my heart and hope of delight,
I am yearning for thee, sweet loved one of yore
Thou fairest on earth to me, Eileen Asthore.

The bright days of spring time, pleasures are bringing
While here I am longing to see thee once more,
The roses are blooming, song birds are singing
And soon I'll be leaving for Erin's green shore.
Since last we parted in love's joyous Maytime,
The years have been lonely to me, love since then.
Hope now returns to me, bright as the sunshine,
For soon I shall see thee, my darling again.
To be blessed with thy love through life evermore,
Fair pride of my heart, my sweet Eileen Asthore.

WHERE KATHLEEN WAITS FOR ME.

In the silence of the dawning,
In the joyous month of May.
When the silver stars' soft paling,
Told the hour of coming day.
With gentle breeze and bright blue skies
In dear Erin's Isle so free,
I parted from my dear lov'd one,
Who has since been true to me.

CHORUS

She is waiting for me there
With sweet blooming cheeks as fair,
As the lillies that bedeck the valley o'er
And I'll soon sail far away
To that home of early day,
Where dear Kathleen waits to greet me at the door.

There in dreams I often wander
To my loved one o'er the sea.
Though 'tis long years since we parted,
Yet she's ever dear to me.
And in fancy now I see her
With sweet eyes of heaven's blue,
Waiting at the door to meet me
And the same love fond and true.

CHORUS

She is waiting for me there
With sweet blooming cheeks as fair
As the lillies that bedeck the valley o'er
And I'll bless the happy day
That shall take me far away,
To dear Kathleen who'll be mine for evermore.

DREAMLAND IS CALLING.

SLUMBER SONG NO. 4

Dreamland is calling my baby dear,
Far away to realms of rest,
Night shades are falling, mother waits here
Come little babe to my breast.
Cling to me gently, darling so sweet
While stars are agleam we'll roam
There's rest in my arms for your weary feet
'Till the morn shall find us home.

REFRAIN

Come to the land of dreams with me
Come where there's sweet delight
Beyond the twinkling stars we'll rove
And pale luna's stars silver light.
And then we'll wander home again
With the golden dawn of day,
To sunshine hours, and blooming flowers
That cheer us on life's way.

Fold your hands, little baby of mine
  Close your eyelids my dearie,
Slumbering rest on mother's fond breast
  There to never grow weary.
With twilight shades let us drift afar
  Place your dimpled hands in mine
And I'll be to you a guiding star,
  'Till the morning's sun shall shine.

REFRAIN

ONLY A BABY'S SHOE.

Oft I sit in silent musing
While the waning embers glow,
Dreaming over golden memories
Of the far flown long ago.
When she my brown-eyed little babe,
In youthful pride and glee,
First wore this dainty little shoe,
That is so dear to me.

REFRAIN

Only a faded yellow shoe
My brown-haired Mamie wore.
In happy days that long have passed
But come to me no more.
Only a tiny baby's shoe
Is all that's left to see,
Of one who was my heart's delight
For now, she's gone from me.

Only a little yellow shoe
But Ah how many a tear,
Do I recall since first I saw
That little thing so dear.
And now that faded golden gem
Is prized within my heart,
For ne'er again until life's eve
Shall it from me depart.

REFRAIN

ONLY A WITHERED SHAMROCK.

In Erin's Isle my native land
Where the river Shannon flows,
On the banks where bloom the heather,
And the flow'ring shamrock grows,
And the song birds all the summer
Fill the air with mirthful glee,
There my thoughts to her oft wander
Who sent this gift to me.

REFRAIN

Only a withered shamrock
But to me it is more dear,
Than all the pearls and rubies
That the world could offer here—
For she who culled it in the dell,
In the green Isle o'er the sea
Was called beyond the stars to dwell,
And she's waiting there for me.

In memory now I see her there
On that lonely springtime day,
When I said good bye Mavourneen
Oh for me my Kathleen pray.
Though now in sorrow we must part
'Tis for you I cross the foam,
I leave but soon I shall return
And then claim you for my own.

REFRAIN

Long years have come and gone since then,
And on each St. Patrick's day,
For her who sent that shamrock dear
At the altar now I pray.
And ever there my thoughts will dwell
In that home down by the sea.
For her who culled this wayside gem
And with love sent it to me.

REFRAIN

MEMORIES OF ERIN.

There is a ~~gren~~ green Isle far away
Soon my longing eyes will see,
Where my dear mother old and gray
Waits with patience now for me.
There now soon will I be sailing
To the land where shamrocks grow,
Where she blessed me when I parted
From her many years ago.

REFRAIN

In that Green Isle o'er the sea
Patient waits she there for me.
My dear mother old and gray
Praying for me night and day.
After many years have flown
Still she hopes to see her own,
Dear lov'd son return once more
To St. Patrick's blest green shore.

In that dear far away ~~gren~~ green Isle
She is waiting for me there.
She who nursed me in my childhood
And taught me my evening prayer.
She who loved me in my weakness
When my erring footsteps strayed,
And with her tender love forgave
All youths errors I have made.

REFRAIN

THE TOT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

THE TOT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The tots had been invited
To spend the day in play,
In honor of the fifth return
Of Mamie's natal day.
Six smiling little manly lads
And six bright little girls,
With ruby lips, and rosy cheeks,
In brown, and golden curls.

The hours passed in joyous play
In feasting and in song.
In merry games, of outdoor play,
Time's wing flew swift along.
The sun was setting in the west,
The games drew near a close,
When Anna said, "before we part
Now this I do propose.

Each one shall tell of something
That happened in the past
Jack must tell his story first
And mine shall be the last."
"O! yes, I'll speak for one and all,"
Said Frank, "won't that be fine?
A pleasant way to end our play
And this day's happy time."

I WANT TO GO BACK.

JACK'S STORY

A bumble bee he stinged me once
When I was barefoot—on the toe
But I don't think about that much
'Cause that was more than month ago,
When I was up at Grandpa's house
Near Uncle Willie's on the farm.
And Dranmaw said she's kill that bee
And I'd be free from harm.

Oh, I had lots and lots of fun
Up the're that time at Grandpaw's house,
And Grandma took me ridin' on her back
And one'st I saw a little mouse.
But I was never scared a bit,
I just laughed, and laughed, 'cause you see:
I knowed when I was on her back,
That mouse he couldn't det at me.

When Grandpaw'd go to get the cows
I'd say, " I want to go with you"
And Grandpaw then was sure to say
"Ittle dearie you must come too."
And once I wanted for to milk
He said, "Go milk the little calf,"
But when that calf he runned away
My Grandpaw then how he did
laugh.

I'm lonesome ever since that time
Since I left my dear Grandpaw's
house
So quiet 'tis since I came back
Don't even see a little mouse.
Mamma won't ride me on her back
Or let me pull my kittie's tail.
I want to go back there soon again
I'll jes send a letter by mail.

UNCLE BEN.

MARY'S STORY

I'll just be four my next birthday
  And brother Jack will ~~son~~ soon be three
He's little yet, but what you think
  He says he'll soon be big as me.
I'm going to school, did you know that
  I started more than a month ago
And Mamma says if I am good
  She'll buy a dolly's carriage, O!

I'll just be good as I can be
  And learn to read and how to spell.
I drawed a funny man one day
  My teacher said I did it well.
But then she said, I just forgot
  And didn't put no feet on him.
So then I went and put them on
  And he just looked like Uncle Jim.

When Papa he wants any thing
  I'm the first one for to fetch it
And something we want at the store
  Little Jack he tries to get it.
Then Mamma says, "You let him go
  He is but a little baby."
Then he gets proud, and says, "Oh, no
  I'm not goin' to be a lady."

My Uncle Ben he came down once
And we had lots of fun that time
He brought us candy, brought me dolls
And Jack would want his knees to climb.
And I would want to play with him
He told such funny stories then.
I wish he'd come back soon again
'Cause he's my dearest Uncle Ben.

GRANDMA'S GIRL.

TERESA'S STORY

I'm Grandma's girl, O! yes I am
  And you would be so too,
If your Grandma was just like mine
  And was so good to you.

When I go down with her to stay
  I run right through the house
And she has never said to me
  "To be still as a mouse."

Like Mamma does when I am home
  And play with Billy Grady
For when I want to shout, she says
  "O dear, you'll wake the baby."

My Grandma never hides the jam
  Or locks the pantry door.
The cookies and the ginger snaps
  I just reach from the floor.

I get the best things for to eat
  And she will play with me.
She never says I tire her
  With questions—do you see.

I like to live down at her house
She's the dearest one I know
I'll love dear Grandma all my life
Wherever I may go.

THE PEDDLER MAN.

ERNEST'S STORY

One day last week I felt like fun.
  Knew where to find an old tin pan
Then with a string I dragged it round
  Just if I was a peddler man.

I loaded it 'fore I did start
  With dollies, apples, marbles, books,
Tin pails, pokers, drum sticks, pie pans,
  Old shoes, and Mama's button hooks.

And then I ran right through the house
  And said, "What can I sell to-day?"
Then Mama said, "Stop, peddler man,
  I want to buy a pound of hay."

And then I took a old tin can
  And said, "I think this goats will eat
It is the best hay I have got
  For beasts that roam around the street."

Then she laughed and how she kissed me
  And said, "You'll be a man some day
But if goods you sell, don't ever
  Try to sell tin cans for hay."

MY BIRTHDAY.

ADA'S STORY

I had a birthday party once
That was I think when I was four.
The children all they bought me something
Down at Mr. Muldoon's store.
Fanny Gray she sent a dollie
'Cause she was sick and couldn't come
And Willie Lee came all alone
And brought a box of chewing gum.

Esther Paar and Nettie Needham
They came and brought me dollies, too;
And Jessie Shaw and Brother Ralph
A wagon and a cat could mew.
A picture book and box of paints,
A Chinese doll, and Brownie man
Was what I got from Fannie Smith
Eliza Bayne, and Ed McCan.

Aunt Beck, a purse and silver dollar
Sent with little cousin Sammy
The money he took out and said,
"I'll just keep this for sister Fanny."
And when the party it was over
Young Sam he climbed on a clothesrack
Then he fell and cried like thunder
And said, O give me that purse back
I want it for my brother Jack."

WHAT MAMA FOUND.

BILL'S STORY

My pockets Mama searched one day
And this was what she found
A top, six marbles, piece of gum,
And stick, with string wrapped round.

A nickle watch, and brassy chain,
A knife with broken blade;
Five fish hooks tangled mong some thread,
And whistle papa made.

A bubble pipe, made out of clay
A tiny metal gun
Good Santa Claus at Christmas sent
That I might have some fun.

An apple that I could not eat
Don't think that this was all,
Some ginger snaps,—from dinner left
And worn out rubber ball.

A piece of chalk, a rubber doll;
How Mama laughed that day,
When last of all a hole she found
And said, "Go run and play."

THE TALE OF A WHALE.

BOB'S STORY

When he was only twelve years old
That he was then a sailor bold
Away up in the frigid zone
With not a friend to call his own.
"My Uncle says."

And that one day a great big whale
Swam 'round the ship with lashing tail
Then he at once got out his gun
And shot at it just for some fun.
"My Uncle says."

Just then the whale sunk very nigh
And threw the ship away up high
He hit it with his awful snout
And Oh! how water it did spout.
"My Uncle says."

And when that ship it did come down
There was no one who did not drown
Save now the one who tells this tale
About that most ferocious whale.
"My Uncle says."

And that he sprang on that whale's back
And tortured him with a big tack
Until that whale swam to the shore
Now he'll go whaling never more.
"My Uncle says."

AUNT MANEY.

NELLIE'S STORY

I'm always glad when Mama says
  Aunt Maney's coming down
She always has a smiling face
  And never has a frown.
I like her best of all my aunts
  Her bright blue eyes I see
I never can forget her looks
  'Cause she's so good to me.

When she comes here she brings to me
  New dresses three or four
And many other presents I
  Could mention by the score.
I can't forget her while I live
  So kind she's been and true
If every one had such an aunt
  Would they not love her, too.

When she comes down, Oh! we have fun
  At our old farm house then,
She helps me go and get the cows
  And watch old speckled hen
When she strays 'way among the sheaves
  And lays eggs one by one.
I'm lonely when she's going away
  And cry,—when she has gone.

O'DONNELL'S HEN.

FRANK'S STORY

My Uncle Jack he has a hen
But he don't ever lay no eggs
He only struts and walks around
Like a big lion, on four legs.

And he just thinks he owns the farm
The way he crows and looks around
As if he's waitin' for applause
From some new friend who may come round.

My Uncle thinks that he is great
And that he is an awful wonder
For when he says, "Now Jim speak loud,"
That hen he then, crows like thunder.

But I was there the other day
And my, O, my, how I did laugh,
O'Donnell's hen flied o'er the fence
And made ole Jim run like a calf.

And when I told my Uncle Jack
Soon as I saw him, down the lane,
My Uncle said with a big laugh
"I guess O'Donnell's hen is game."

WHEN SANTA COMES.

VERA'S STORY

The best thing I remember since
The day that I was born
Is when dear Santa Claus comes round
On every Christmas morn.
It is the time I long for most
The best time of the year,
Because I know he'll surely come
And bring me presents here.

Whenever I go, I'm certain
To hear that he's been there
With presents for the young and old
No matter when or where.
I like that time the best of all
It fills my heart with cheer
I'm glad it's coming soon again
So are, I think, all here.

TEENY WEENY.

Jim's Story

Teeny Weeny
  He's my brother,
But folks all call ~~him~~ me "Jim"
  I guess it is because that I
Are great deal bigger'n him.
  When we both go out to play
  Mother then is sure to say
"Teeny Weeny, you and Jim
  Don't go very far away
Mamma'll be uneasy."

Teeny Weeny
  Me and William,
"Bill's" our biggest brother; (
  Just when we are playin' ball
That's when I hear Mother,
  Callin' from the kitchen door
  "Boys, you can't play any more.
Teeny Weeny, Jim and Bill,
  Hurry home, it's gettin' late
Lil' boys should be in bed."

Teeny Weeny
  Me and William,
I wish that we were big.
  Then we wouldn't be such trouble
To our mother all the time.
  Mamma then would never say
  "Boys, you can't go out to play
Teeny Weeny, Jim, and Bill."
  I'll be glad when that time comes
So will Bill, and Teeny Weeny.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

ANNA'S STORY

One night he came into our store
And he related o'er and o'er,
The great calamity was to be
That all then living soon would see,
Our neighbor Mr. Wiseman said.

There's going to be an awful crash
And then we'll never need no cash
When the tail of Halley's comet
Hits the earth and we're thrown
from it,
Our neighbor Mr. Wiseman said.

It's yet ten million miles away
But travelling faster every day
'Twill hit us sure three weeks from
now
One night with sorrow shaded brow,
Our neighbor Mr. Wiseman said.

Ye sinners of the earth prepare
For your last days are drawing near
We'd hear him shout then heave a
sigh
The end, the end is drawing night,
Our neighbor Mr. Wiseman said.

I smell sulphuric smoke tonight
O won't that be an awful sight
Tomorrow noon will be our last
Oh, how I wish the misery past,
Our neighbor Mr. Wiseman said.

I'll dig a cave deep in the ground
Away from every earthly sound,
Then I'll be free from any harm
And care not for the comet's storm,
Our neighbor Mr. Wiseman said.

Torrents of rain fell down that night
And, O! next day he was a sight
When by the workmen he was found
And taken from that caved-in ground,
Ain't I a fool? poor Wiseman said.

* * * * * *

From whence it came no one can say
Or where it went in space away
Beyond the eyes of mortal ken
But to return, perchance again
Proving God's wondrous power to men.

Then little Mamie's voice was heard
And these words she did say:

Before you leave for home tonight
I want you all to hear
A story from my Uncle Frank,
Who dwells not far from here.
He tells a new one every time
I sit upon his knee
The one he tells tonight I know
Will please you all and me.

THE MYSTIC KING.

UNCLE FRANK'S STORY

There is a King that reigns supreme
O'er all this wonderous mundane sphere,
Who keeps a vigil day and night
O'er all his faithful subjects here.
He comes with the last soft evening ray
And first faint gleam of each golden day
Sent with fond love from realms of blest
Bringing to all sweet peaceful rest.

He is beloved from pole to pole
His subjects dwell in every land,
O'er all he has complete control
And all obey at his command.
He rules with gentle loving power
Each one will say 'till their last hour,
And all alike, both friend and foe
Will welcome him where e'er they go.

He greets each babe at close of eve
Crooning his sweet love trilling lays
That bring to all who hear his voice
The gladsome hope of brighter days.
Each echo of his magic song
Cheer all our lives on earth along,
And children fair, bow low to greet
This King,—with mystic dreams so sweet.

He charms the sable night away
When grief afflicts a suffering breast,
Relieves our anguish and despair
And brings to all sweet soothing rest.
His generous gifts with lavish hand
He gives to all o'er sea and land,
And friendless find in him a friend
Ever until life's journeys end.

His stealthy tread has ne'er been heard,
'Tis silent as the evening star
That twinkles from the vault above
And sends its light from realms afar.
He comes unbidden in disguise
With rest for all earth's weary eyes,
Casting our cares from earth away
'Till morning of each newborn day.

He clasps each one with welcome hand
From infant dawn to ages eve,
And welcomes all to his famed land
That all his bounties may receive.
Pure as the stars in heaven that gleam
And pure as the joys on earth we dream
Are all all the blessing we should prize
That come from his alluring eyes.

* * * * * *

This mystic King of which we sing,
  That lures each one with magic hand
Now to you all his name we bring
  He is the King of Slumberland.

DEVOTIONAL RHYMES

TODAY.

To every one this day God sent
  That we may use for good or ill
It may be crowned with clouds of gray
And path of thorns where we must stray,
  Or skies of blue that e'er proclaim
  The wonders of His Holy Name
Then let your heart in sweet content
  Dwell in the glories of His will.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Let all the world rejoice this day
And to our Blessed Saviour pray
Let all the world rejoice and find
In Him, Redeemer of mankind.

Give praise to Him this Christmas day
Whose love can guide us on life's way.
Give praise to Him whose love alone
Can guide us to God's Holy throne.

And let us every Christmas time
Pay homage at His Holy shrine
As did the Wise Men of the East
Who worshipped first at His birth feast.
And let our prayers repeat again—
Peace to all earth, Good will to men.

LIFE ETERNAL.

The flowers bloom with balmy spring
  And cheer the summer night and day
With fragrance which they ever bring
  'Till winter's frost bear them away,
But in the May, when song birds sing,
  They come again with fragrant breath,
So may life's round of seasons bring
  Eternal life to me from death.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father in heaven lead me each day
Ever through life Thy own dear way,
And when I'm tempted to do wrong
O Blessed Saviour make me strong.

Life's labour help me here fulfill
And be submissive to Thy will.
If sorrows come help me them bear
With Thy unbounded loving care.

Vouchsafe that I shall ever do
The things that keep me pure and true,
And when in danger make me brave
For Thou alone my soul can save.

Give strength to do the best I know
Through all my life in weal or woe.
And when my fleeting years are past,
Grant that I dwell with Thee at last.

A MORNING PRAYER.

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning. O Lord; in the morning will I direct prayer unto Thee, and will look up." *Ps.* 5:3.

Father in Heaven, bless I pray,
My humble efforts of this day.
Be Thou my Hope and daily Guide
Where e'er my wandering feet abide.
And lead me Thy dear gentle way
That I from Thee may never stray
And in life's end, grant that I share
Thy holy Love, and Heavenly care.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud, and He shall hear my voice. Psm's 55.17.

O Lord accept my contrite heart
For blessings Thou this day hath sent,
And grant Thy love may ne'er depart
And I will dwell in sweet content.
Help me renounce the tempter's power,
And Thy dear Holy Name revere,
And love Thee more each golden hour
Then for the past I'll have no fear
But ever trust in Thy dear love
Who reigns supreme in Heaven above.

MY SOLACE.

My Saviour to Thee may I ever be true,
Over valleys of green or waters of blue.
Where e'er I may wander in gladness or woe
Grant that I may love Thee,—where ever I go.

Though afflictions, may come to sorrow my heart,
May Thy loving grace from me never depart
Where duty shall call me o'er life's troubled sea
My only fond Hope may Thy name ever be.

The burdens of life that may seem hard to bear,
Kind blessings will be if Thou help me them share,
There is no affliction can e'er be too sore
But Thy precious grace and sweet love can restore.

I plead for the love of Thy dear sacred heart,
All needs of my life, it alone can impart
Thou wilt not refuse if I trust 'till life's end,
O blessed Redeemer, my Saviour and Friend.

LOVE DIVINE.

O Thou who art all Love Divine
Joy of heav'n this day come down,
Make our hearts Thy sacred dwelling
And Thy gracious mercies crown.
Thou who hast, so much compassion,
Our unbounded hope Thou art.
Dwell within us loving Saviour
Enter every contrite heart.

Bestow on us Thy lasting grace
Ever 'till our latest breath,
Let us Thy sweet love inherit
During life and after death.
Lead us in the path of virtue,
Free us from sin's withering stain,
Be ever with us loving Saviour
For our soul's eternal gain.

GIVE PRAISE TO HIM.

PSALM *XLVII.* 6. 7.

Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding.

Praise ye the name of God our King
Rejoice this day to heaven and sing,
Give praise to That dear Holy Name
Our souls redeemed from sin and shame.
And all the blessings He hath sent
To help relieve life's discontent.
Great is the Lord and great His power
Remember this till life's last hour.

Praise Him with all thy heart and soul
For He alone can make thee whole.
Give praise with instruments of song
To God alone doth praise belong.
Our bleeding wounds He'll surely bind
And in His love sweet solace find
For all the ills that life attend
In Him we'll find a fostering friend.

Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord
And trust in His almighty word.
Fear not the ill of life's last smart,
The meek He lifeth with fond heart.
As water is to withering flower
So is His love in life's last hour.
No one to Him did ever plead
But found a trusting friend indeed.

O BLESSED NAME.

To Thee our sorrows now we bring
O Blessed Name, our Heavenly King.
In all our trials here below
Our faithful friend in weal or woe,
This day we ask with hope sincere,
Thou'lt grant to all poor sinners here
Sweet blessings from Thy throne above
And Thy undying, faithful Love.

O Blessed Name there's none more dear,
To every wandering pilgrim here,
Glad tidings it can e'er impart
To every suffering human heart
Where e'er we linger on life's way
And toil until life's closing day.
If we but trust until the end
And seek Thee as our Guiding friend.

O Blessed Name for evermore
May Thou our sinful souls restore
To Thy forgiving grace and love
That we may see Thy face above,
And may Thy Name a guiding light
Be to all sinners, day and night,
And all on earth Thy name proclaim
Our Heavenly King, O Blessed Name.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

From morning's waking hour to slumbering night
O Blissful Star, thou art my hope's delight,
I long to sing and praise they holy name
Whose Heavenly aid was ne'er invoked in vain.
Help me my burden bear of sin and grief
O Mary Mother come to my relief,
When temptation's darkening clouds oppress
Be thou a faithful guide in my distress.
Contentment to my yearning spirit give
Mother of God defend me while I live.

My earthly cares oppress and hourly grieve
Mother of Mercy may thy soul conceive
A truant pilgrim in desponding sin,
Illume my faith that I may follow Him.
Let thou but hear my pleading prayer to thee
And in thy mercy do thou grant to me
Thy boundless grace to do His holy will
With patient meekness and keep striving till
My Loving Saviour calls my soul away
Mother of God assist me then I pray.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Rejoice, rejoice, on Christmas morn,
A Saviour to the world was born.
Sing anthems to high heaven above
Praise God, for His almighty love.
Who sent the Jesus child to save,
And lead our souls beyond the grave.
There's joy in heaven, rejoice on earth
This glorious day that gave Him birth.

Be merry on this happy day
Drive sorrow from thy heart away.
Our blessed Lord will gladly bear
Place all thy troubles in His care.
Trust thou in His all powerful love
To send thee blessings from above,
He'll free thee from all sin and grief
And to thy soul send sweet relief.

Praise holy Mary who hath won
Through Jesus, her redeeming Son
A victory over death and sin,
For all who place their trust in Him.
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Ye who partake of that great host
And let fond love all hearts adorn
On this and every Christmas morn.

A PRAYER.

Father of Light in heaven above
Grant me this day Thy sacred love
That I may ever trust in Thee
Who hast through life protected me,
And ne'er a sinner will disclaim
Who pleadeth to Thy Holy Name.
I wander far in sin from Thee
O loving Saviour help Thou me.
And be my Guiding Star each day
That henceforth I may never stray
From Thy All Seeing loving sight,
Thy bounteous grace and Heavenly light
That circleth Thy most Holy form.
Be Thou my Hope in life's last storm,
And when sin's luring witching voice
Come to mine ears bid me rejoice
That I with power divine from Thee
May ever say depart from me.
Thy noxious evil, flee my sight
For God, my refuge is tonight.

MY PRAYER.

Grant to a sinning soul's appeal
O Lord this humble plea,
And in Thy mercy may Thou grant
My pleading pray'r to Thee.

My soul's desire, O sacred Name
I now instrust to Thee,
And hope Thy patient loving heart
Shall ne'er refuse to me.

Thy bounteous grace I humbly crave
From Thee O Lord this day
In Thee alone my erring soul
Shall hope where e'er I stray.

And may Thy Sacred Heart divine
Grant from Thy Throne above
To my poor sinning soul while here
Thy all forgiving love.

In Thee alone O Blessed Name
When grief afflicts my heart
My only trust I place in Thee
To help me bear a part.

And when life's waning hour's cast
  Their shadows 'round my door
Be to my soul a guiding Light
  O Jesus, I implore.

Thy Name most dear to human heart
  To souls a trusting friend,
May it be last upon my lips
  When here my sorrows end.

Sweet Name of Love, who died for all
  That sinners be forgiven,
Grant to all errings souls below
  Eternal rest in heaven.

TRUST IN HIM.

Offer the sacrifice of righteousness and put your trust in the Lord. Psalms IV. 5.

Banish care and sullen frowns
  Let thy thoughts more cheerful be,
Heaven yet may have a crown,
  For a mortal such as thee.
He will grant thee His dear love,
  Free thy burdenered soul from sin
If when pain and sorrow come
  Thou wilt place thy trust in Him.

When thy griefs are hard to bear
  Let thy faith confiding be
Trust in Him who wilt them share
  Light the burden then for thee.
He will send thee guiding light
  If thou asketh from thy heart
Patient be through all thy life
  Trust in Him, to bear a part.

In the time of direful need
If to Him thou fervent pray
He will prove a friend indeed
Send thee hopes bright cheering ray,
And when lonely shadows fall
'Round thy life's declining hour
And thy waning sight grows dim
Trust in His safe guiding power.

Sigh not for fortune's favoring smile
It leaves its victims oft to weep,
His redeeming smile will guide
Where Thou canst rest in blissful sleep.
And lead thy soul beyond the gloom
To mansions blest far from the skies
Into the Light, beyond the tomb
To dwell with Him in Paradise.

THE UNSPOKEN PRAYER.

Weary from the toil of day,
Unworthy and unfit to pray,
  I will but fold my hands
And in humility entreat
  To Him who understands.
The weakness of our human flesh.
  The lack of faith that makes us
    weak,
Tonight my languid lips are dumb
  Hear Thou O Lord what I would
    speak.

A pilgrim toiling day by day
Over life's weary, rugged way
  With sinful soul oppprest,
A truant seeking love and peace
  On the bosom of Thy breast.
To Thy sweet, gentle, loving ear
  Voiceless I send my prayer
To where Thou art enthroned above
  Trusting still, Thy love to share.

O LORD, WE PLEAD TO THEE.

O Thou who art our daily friend
In whom alone we can depend
To guide us 'till our life shall end
We plead O Lord to Thee.

Too oft we err and go astray
Afar from Thee and wisdom's way
And heaven's gentle guiding ray
When we should trust in Thee.

We weary often in the race
When distant seems our destined place
And fainting we mistrust Thy grace
Forgetting all of Thee.

Temptations often make us bold
And to Thy cross we fail to hold,
Yet may Thy loving arms infold
And lead us back to Thee.

And when our last dread hour is near
When all the past shall then appear
To us, O may we have no fear
But ever trust in Thee.

O SACRED HEART.

A Prayer

We love and honor Thy dear Holy Name
  Where e'er our lot be cast each golden day,
It drives away all sorrow and all fear
  And lights our dreary path along life's way.
A beacon light that shines where e'er we stray
  To guide us safely o'er life's mystic sea
A star that guides the ever pure in heart
  And leads our souls to heaven—and to Thee.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

To the Sacred Heart

We offer praise to Thy dear Holy Name
  This Christmas day our Lord and Heavenly King.
Who lived and died for every one and all
  To Thee on high our humble prayer we sing.
Who hast all power on earth and Heaven above
Grant that we share in Thy dear Holy Love,
And that our sinful past be all forgiven,
In mercy hear our plea, this day in Heaven.

Refrain

Heart of Jesus guard our footsteps
  From sinful snares O keep us free,
Guide us ever loving Saviour
  Where Thy redeeming face we'll see.
  Where Thy redeeming face we'll see.

We sing in praise of Thy dear Holy Name
  This morning of Thy birth O Sacred Heart.
Our humble prayer this day O Lord receive
  And grant Thy Love from us may ne'er depart.
For ever in Thy Blessed Name we'll find
Sweet solace for all ills of soul and mind.
If we but seek Thee through sweet fervent prayer
In Heaven at last may we Thy Blessings share.

Refrain

LOVE.

The world loves all who are pure and brave
  And the one who is ever true.
Who freely gives the best he can
  Ah! no more can be asked of you.
If love you give, to your heart will flow
  In the time of its direful need,
The love of Him in Heaven above.
  Who hath faith in your word and deed.

FAITH.

There is no grief which can shade any brow
There is no wish but Heaven can answer now
If we have faith in Him who dwelleth there
And trust in His almighty power through prayer.

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart in heaven above
On whom enraptured angels gaze,
We plead to Thee for Thy dear love
And sing this day our humble praise.
Poor exiles in this vale of tears,
Be Thou to us a guiding ray,
And cleanse us with Thy precious blood
Where e'er our footsteps lightly stray.

CHORUS

O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine
From satan's power keep us free
And make our hearts akin to Thine
That we may ever worthy be
To dwell at last in Heav'n with Thee.

O Sacred Heart, while heaven's bright sphere
Proclaim the glories of Thy birth,
O Lamb of God! meek victim slain,
We too adore Thee here on earth.
And with the heaven's exulting host
Shall we Thy name for e'er adore
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Until our dreams shall be no more

CHORUS

AVE MARIA.

Thy love blessed mother
  O Maria I crave
From trials and sorrow
  It will shield me and save,
O list to the pleading
  Of a sinner's weak voice
Grant thou but this blessing
  That my soul may rejoice.

Maria my mother
  Ever guide me I pray
All the years of my life
  'Till my last parting day,
Through sunshine and darkness
  Where on earth I may stray
Lead me gentle mother
  In Thy own loving way.

Maria my mother
  May I never depart
From the true path of virtue
  Is the hope of my heart,
Then grant me thy guidance
  From above now I pray
That I may be faithful
  To my Lord every day.

OUR LADY QUEEN OF MAY.

Merciful Mother Queen of May
Hear thou my pleading prayer today,
Refuse not this my humble plea
But in thy mercy grant to me,
Dear gentle mother ever kind
Whose love for all is unconfined.

Be thou my faithful daily guide
O'er every thought and step preside,
Be thou my light and lead the way
That I may never go astray,
Keep thou on me thine eyes of love
And bless me from thy home above.

Grant to me thy shielding power
Assist me in my life's last hour,
Guide me through all the darks of space
That I may see my Father's face,
And plead to thy dear Son for me
Who died for all on Calvary.

Refuse not my beseeching voice
That in His love I may rejoice,
And in life's end that I may share
His smile of love for sinners there,
In that eternal home of rest
Amid the righteous ever blest.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

At waking morn,—at noon,—at hush of eve
Sweet Orb of Dawn, my humble prayer receive,
Let not thy mercy my poor soul disclaim
As it appeals unto thy Holy name;
Help me to bear my load of torturing grief
And to my suppliant soul grant thou relief,
Dispel temptations that so sore oppress
And shield me from their torments and distress
I crave the boon, which thou alone canst lend
Mother of God thy gracious mercy send.

Oppressed and haunted by embittering cares
O Holy One perceive thy suppliant's tears,
A hapless wanderer turn my erring feet
Where I thy Son's redeeming smile shall meet.
Thou wilt not turn from my beseeching voice
Grant then my prayer that my poor soul rejoice
In the assurance that thy boundless Grace
Shall guide me on to see my Saviour's face
'Mong the redeem'd from sin's apprehension free
Mother of God, grant this thy suppliant's plea.

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria, my humble prayer receive,
To thee I plead with longing heart today,
From sin's temptation be my protecting shield
Where e'er on earth my wandering footsteps stray.
Reign o'er my heart and keep it pure
And lead me from the paths of sin,
Hear my pleading voice, Mother of Mercy I crave
That my poor soul rejoice beyond the grave,
O Virgin Mother from thy throne in bliss above
Grant this my prayer to thee and thy dear love.
Ave Maria, Ave Maria.

Ave Maria, Mother to thee I pray
That thou through life my guiding star may be,
Guide, O gently guide me in God's dear holy way
Until I cross life's dark, broad, silent sea.
Dwell in my heart and keep it pure
And free from stains of mortal sin,
Hear my pleading voice, Mother of Mercy I crave
That my poor soul rejoice beyond the grave,
O Virgin Mother from thy throne in bliss above
Grant this my prayer to thee and thy dear love.
Ave Maria, Ave Maria.

A PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART.

Forgive the past, forgive I pray
And lead me on in Thy dear way,
Bless all my efforts to fulfill
The precepts of Thy Holy will.
Humbly O Sacred Heart to Thee
This day I plead on bended knee.

Satan with all his luring charms
Pursues me with relentless arms
Grant me power where e'er I stray
To spurn his wiles, and grace to pray
To Thee O Sacred Heart, to Thee
Thou who alone canst comfort me.

Redeem my soul from bonds of sin
That I Thy Holy Love may win.
O shield me from the serpent's dart
And give me refuge in Thy Heart.
I plead O Sacred Heart to Thee
Refuse not this, my humble plea.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

The past is gone, and it will come no more
  Grieve not for it, or shed one silent tear,
Dead are they now as ashes in an urn
Never, Oh never to again return
  The cherished joys, that memory may hold dear.

Time's fleeting years glide quickly from our view
  Life's youthful days pass from us with a sigh,
As murmuring waves that kiss the sea beach shore
Breathing their doleful sounds of nevermore,—
  Shall they return to greet, both you or I.

Where have they gone? alas! no one can tell
  In dreams we see them through our mist of tears.
As sea birds flying o'er the trackless foam
Shoreward seeking a resting place and home
  Their memories throb, through life's uncertain years.

Past is no more, the future holds more dear
  And sweeter joys than we can e'er recall,
If we are faithful through sorrow and strife
Placing our trust in the Giver of Life
  Light that's Eternal will shine over all.

HOPE.

There is blue behind the shaded sky
  When the sun hides his face away,
And though clouds look dark they soon will pass
  With the dawn of another day.
Then place your trust in the light of hope
  If your path through life is drear,
And ever you'll find that the Hope of Life
  Will comfort your sorrows here.

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